

(CONTINUED FROM YESTERDAY.)

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—At her home in the Street, idney Page agrees to marry Jos summond "after years and years" and talks o K. Le Moyne, the new roomer.

CHAPTER II—Sidney's aunt Harriet, who has been dressmaking with Sidney's nother, launches an independent modiste's parior. Sidney gets Dr. Ed Wilson's intence with his prother, Doctor Max, the uccessful young surgeon, to place her in he hospital as a probationer nurse.

CHAPTER IV-Doctor Max gets Sidney into the hospital school.

CHAPTER VI.

Operations were over for the afternoon. The last case had been wheeled out of the elevator. The pit of the operating room was in disorder-towels everywhere, tables of instruments, steaming sterilizers. Orderlies were going about, carrying out lineas, emptying pans. At a table two nurses were cleaning instruments and putting them away in their glass cases. Irrigators were being emptied, sponges recounted and checked off on written lists,

In the midst of the confusion, Wilson stood giving last orders to the interne at his elbow. As he talked he secured his hands and arms with a small brush; bits of lather flew off on to the tiled floor. His speech was incisive, vigorous. At the hospital they said his nerves were iron; there was no letdown after the day's work. The internes worshiped and feared him. He was just, but without mercy. To be able to work like that, so certainly, with so sure a touch, and to look like a Greek god! Wilson's only rival, a gynecologist named O'Hara, got results, too; but he sweated and swore through his operations, was not too careful as to asepsis, and looked like a gorilla.

The day had been a hard one. The operating-room nurses were fagged. Two or three probationers had been sent to help clean up, and a senior nurse. Wilson's eyes caught the nurse's eyes as she passed him.

"Here, too, Miss Harrison!" he said gayly. "Have they set you on tay trail?" With the eyes of the room on her, the girl answered primly:

"I'm to be in your office in the mornings, Doctor Wilson, and anywhere I am needed in the afternoons."

"And your vacation?"

"I shall take it when Miss Simpson comes back."

Although he went on at once with his conversation with the interne, he still heard the click of her heels about the room. He had not lost the fact that The mischief that was latent in him came to the surface. When he had rinsed his hands, he followed her, carrying the towel to where she stood talking to the superintendent of the training school.

"Thanks very much, Miss Gregg," he said. "Everything went off nicely."

He was in a magnanimous mood. He smiled at Miss Gregg, who was elderly and gray, but visibly his creature.

"The sponge list, doctor."

He glanced over it, noting accurately sponges prepared, used, turned in. But he missed no gesture of the girl who stood beside Miss Gregg.

"All right." He returned the list. "That was a mighty pretty probationer I brought you yesterday."

Two small frowning lines appeared between Miss Harrison's dark brows, He caught them, caught her somber the expenses of the house on the Street. eyes too, and was amused and rather stimulated.

"She is very young."

"Prefer 'em young," sald Doctor Max, "Willing to learn at that age. You'll have to watch her, though. You'll have all the internes buzzing around, neglecting business."

Miss Gregg rather fluttered. She was divided between her disapproval of internes at all times and of young probationers generally, and her allegiance to the brilliant surgeon whose word was rapidly becoming law in the hospital. When an emergency of the cleaning-up called her away, doubt still in her eyes, Wilson was left alone with Miss Harrison.

"Tired?" He adopted the gentle, almost tender tone that made most wom-

en his slaves. "A little. It is warm."

"What are you going to do this eve-

ning? Any lectures?" "Lectures are over for the summer,

I shall go to prayers, and after that to the roof for air."

"Can't you take a little ride tonight and cool off? I'll have the car wherever you say. A ride and some supperhow does it sound? You could get

away at seven-" "Miss Gregg Is coming !"

With an impassive face, the girl turned away. The workers of the operating room surged between them. But he was clever with the guile of

the pursuing male. Eyes of all on him, lettuce. Shall we have a salad?" he turned at the door of the wardrobe room and spoke to her over the heads of p.dozen nurses.

sound of her moving, beyond it. Things had gone very far with the Pages' roomer that day in the country; not so far as they were to go, but far enough to let him see on the brink of what misery he stood.

He could not go away. He had promsed her to stay: he was needed. He thought he could have endured seeing her marry Joe, had she cared for the boy. That way, at least, lay safety for her. The boy had fidelity and devotion written large over him. But this new complication—her romantic interest in Wilson, the surgeon's reciprocal interest in her, with what he knew of the man-made him quail.

From the top of the narrow staircase to the feot, and he had lived a year's torment! At the foot, however, he was startled out of his reverie. Joe Drummond stood there waiting for him, his blue eyes recklessly alight.

"You-you dog!" said Joe. There were people in the hotel parlor. Le Moyne took the frenzied boy by the elbow and led him past the

door to the empty porch. "Now," he said, "if you will keep your voice down, I'll listen to what you have to say."

You know what I've got to say." This failing to draw from K. Le Moyne anything but his steady glance, Joe jerked his arm free and clenched his fist.

"What did you bring her out here for?"

"I do not know that I owe you any explanation, but I am willing to give you one. I brought her out here for a trolley ride and a picnic luncheon."

He was sorry for the boy. Life not having been all beer and skittles to him, he knew that Joe was suffering. and was marvelously patient with him. "Where is she now?"

"She had the misfortune to fall in the river. She is upstairs." And, seeing the light of unbelief in Joe's eyes: If you care to make a tour of investigation, you will find that I am entirely truthful. In the laundry a maid-"

"She is engaged to me"-doggedly. Everybody in the neighborhood knows "Can't You Take a Little Ride Toit, and yet you bring her out here for a picnic! It's-it's damned rotten treat-"That patient's address that I had ment." His fist had unclenched. Before K. forgotien, Miss Earrison, is the cor-

night?"

ner of the Park and Ellington avenue."

"Thank you."

sion. The interne grinned.

of O'Hara, his friendly rival.

proud of you, and your brother here

is indecently exalted. It was the Ed-

wardes method, wasn't it? I saw it

"Glad you liked it. Yes. Edwardes

was a pal of mine in Berlin. A great

"There aren't three men in the coun-

try with the nerve and the hand for it."

own magnanimity, Doctor Ed stood by

"I guess I'll be getting along," he

for two and only one to eat it. A roast

Sidney, after her involuntary bath in

the river, had gone into temperary

eclipse at the White Springs hotel. In

the oven of the kitchen stove sat her

two small white shoes, stuffed with pa-

Sidney sat in a rocking chair in a

hot bedroom. She was carefully

swathed in a sheet from neck to toes,

except for her arms, and she was being

Someone tapped lightly at the door.

"It's Le Moyne. Are you all right?"

"Perfectly. How stupid it must be

"I'm doing very well. The maid will

soon be ready. What shall I order for

"I think your shoes have shrunk."

and order supper. And I can see fresh

"Flatterer!" She laughed. "Go away

"Anything. I'm starving."

as philosophic as possible,

for you!

supper?"

done at his clinic in New York."

surgeon, too, poor old chap!"

to clear out the bag.

to cook a roast for one."

arrangement."

Le Moyne's eyes his own fell. He felt suddenly young and futile; his just She played the game well, was quitt rage turned to blustering in his ears. calm. He admired her coolness. Cer. "I don't know where you came tainly she was pretty, and certainly, from," he said, "but around here de-

too, she was interested in him. He cent men cut out when a girl's enwent whistling into the wardrobe gaged." room. As he turned he caught the in-"What's more, what do we know terne's eye, and there passed between

about you? You may be all right, but them a glance of complete compreheuhow do I know it? You get her into trouble and I'll kill you!" The room was not empty. His broth-It took courage, that speech, with K.

er was there, listening to the comments Le Moyne towering five inches above him and growing a little white about "Good work, boy!" said O'Hara, and clapped a hairy hand on his shoulder, the lips, "Are you going to say all these things

"That last case was a wonder. I'm to Sidney?" "I am. And I am going to find out

why you were upstairs just now." Perhaps never in his twenty-two years had young Drummond been so. near a thrashing. Fury that he was ashamed of shock Le Moyne. For very fear of himself, he thrust his hands in the pockets of his Norfolk O'Hara went out, glowing with his coat.

"Very well," he said. "You go to her with just one of these ugly insinuaand waited while his brother got into his clothes. He was rather silent, there were many times when he wished that the the that you are sorry for it. If you are sorry for it. going to behave like a bad child. wished that their mother could have deserve a licking, and I'll give it to lived to see how he had carried out his promise to "make a man of Max." you." Sometimes he wondered what she

An overflow from the parlor poured would think of his own untidy methods out on the porch. Le Moyne had got compared with Max's extravagant or der—of the bag, for instance, with the dog's collar in it, and other things. On startled him. He put a hand on the

these occasions he always determined boy's shoulder. "You're wrong, old man," he said. "You're insulting the girl you care for "I guess I'll be getting along," he by the things you are thinking. And, said. "Will you be home for dinner?" if it's any comfort to you, I have no "I think not. I'll-I'm going to run intention of interfering in any way. out of town, and eat where it's cool." You can count me out. It's between The Street was notoriously hot in you and her."

Joe picked his straw hat from a "There's a roast of beef. It's a pity chair and stood turning it in his hands. "Even if you don't care for her, how Wasteful, too, this cooking of food do I know she isn't crazy about you?"

"My word of honor, she isn't."

"She sends you notes to McKees'." of beef meant a visit, in Doctor Ed's modest-paying clientele. He still paid "Just to clear the air, I'll show it to you. It's no breach of confidence, It's "Sorry, old man; I've made another about the hospital."

Into the breast pocket of his coat he They left the hospital together, dived and brought up a wallet. The Everywhere the younger man received wallet had had a name on it in gilt letthe horange of success. The elevator ters that had been carefully scraped man bowed and flung the doors open, off. But Joe did not wait to see the with a smile; the pharmacy clerk, the note.

doorkeeper, even the convalescent pa- "Oh, damn the hospital!" he saidtient who was polishing the great brass and went swiftly down the steps and doorplate, tendered their tribute. Doc- into the gathering twilight of the June tor Ed looked neither to right nor left. aight.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOOTBALL TOMORROW.

Tomorrow afternoon on the Bryan per so that they might dry in shape. Baptist Academy field the Bryan High Back in a detached laundry, a sympa- School will play the Taylor High thetic maid was ironing various soft School and a good game is promised. Special arrangements have been made white garments, and singing as she whereby the game will be called at 2:30 so as not to conflict with the A. and M. Rolla game. The contesting teams are evenly matched and a hard fight is expected. The admission is 35 cents.

A SAD MESSAGE.

Messrs. Sam and Julius Levy received a telegram yesterday afternoon announcing the death of their cousin Sam Goodman of Beaumont, which occurred at an early hour yesterday morning. The remains were shipped to Navasota where burial was made this afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Julius K. Le Moyne stood for a moment to Levy went to Navasota to attend the front of the closed door, for the mere burtal.



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(By Associated Press.) New York, Nov. 16.-Henry Sienkiewoiz, the Polish novelist, author of 'Quo Vadis," is dead at Vevey, Switzerland, cable advices says.

Inside a new hand bag for women is a mirror and a tiny dry battery fed switched on when the bag is opened. time

ELECTRIC WORKERS GET WAGE RAISE

Four Thousand Employes of Westinghouse Electric Manufacturing Company Get Raise,

Pittsburgh, Pa., Nov. 16.-The salaries of approximately four thousand office men of the Westinghouse Electric Manufacturing Company were advanced about 12 per cent through the and Dixie relish will be sold in any extension of the bonus system, which quantity by the girls of the canning electric lamp, which is automatically has been effective in the shops a long club at their booth at the Pure Food

Show Friday and Saturday.

Waco, Texas, Nov. 16.-Watson refused to say if he would ask the jury

to acquit him on the ground of insanifay. "I don't consider him insane especially," he said. Orange marmalade, jellies, pickles

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